

MARGUERITE.

Massachusetts Bay, 1760.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The robins sang in the orchard, the buds into blossoms grew:
Little of human sorrow the buds and the robins knew!

Sick, in an alien household, the poor French
neither lay,
Into her lone room she fell the light of the
April day.

Through the dusty window curtains by the
spider's web,
On the loose-laid floor of hemlock, on waken
rills of roof,

The bed-quilt's faded patch-work, the tapestry
on the stand,
The wheel with flaxen tangle as it dropped from
her sick hand!

What to her was the song of the robin, or warm
morning light,
As she lay in the trance of the dying, heedless
of sound or sight?

Done was the work of her hands, she had eaten
her bitter bread:
The world of the alien people lay behind her dim
and dead.

But her soul went back to its childhood; she saw
the sun o'erflow
With gold the Basin of Minas and set over Gas
pereau;

The low, bare dais at ebb-tide, the rush of the
sea at flood
Through inlet and creek and river, from dike to
upland wood;

The gulls in the red morning, the fish-hawk's
rise and fall,
The drift of the fog in moonshine over the dark
coast wall.

She saw the face of her mother, she heard the
song she sang
And far off, faintly, slowly, the bell for ves
pers rang!

By her bed the hard-faced mistress sat smooch
ing the wrinkled sheet,
Peering into the face so helpless, and feeling
the ice-cold feet.

With a vague remorse atoning for her greed and
long abuse,
By care no longer heeded, and pity too late for
use.

Up the stairs of the garret sought the son of the
mistress stepped,
Leaned over the head-board, covering his face
with his hands, and wept.

Outspoke the mother who watched him, sharply,
with brow a-frown,
"What! love the child that the beggar, the
charge of the town?"

"Be she pauper or beggar, who lies here, I know
and God knows
I love her, and fain would go with her wherever
she goes!"

"O mother! that sweet face came pleading,
for love so aching;
You saw but the town-child; I knew her God's
angel at first."

Shaking her gray head, the mistress hushed
down a bitter cry,
And, awed by the silence and shadow of death
drawing nigh,

She murmured a psalm of the Bible, but closer
the young girl pressed,
With the last of her life in her fingers, the cross
to her breast.

"My son, come away," cried the mother, her
voice choked with tears,
"She is joined to her dolls like Ephraim; let
her alone!"

But he knelt with his hand on her forehead, his
lips to her ear,
And he called back the soul that was passing:
"Marguerite, do you hear?"

She paused on the threshold of heaven; love,
pity, surprise,
Wistful, tender, lit up for an instant the cloud
of her eyes.

With his heart on his lips he kissed her, but
never her cheek grew red,
And the words the living longed for he spoke in
the ear of the dead.

And the robins sang in the orchard where buds
to blossoms grew:
Of the faded heart the still face, never the
robins knew!

[From the Atlantic Monthly for March.

Mr. Sumner's College Waikato.

We find the following story in the Haverhill
Gazette, purporting to be a reminiscence of
Senator Sumner by a classmate, and, though
well illustrated, is ever acknowledged dis
position to "stick" to its purpose: We are
inclined to believe it a pure invention.

Mr. Sumner entered Harvard University as
a Freshman in year 1826. At that time, the
undergraduates were required by the col
lege laws to dress in a uniform, consisting of a
coat and pantaloons of "Oxford mixed," and
a vest of the same color, or else white. No
fancy colors were permitted to be worn. Some
time during the college course, Sumner, prob
ably having in his mind either Burke when
about to speak in Parliament, or Mr. Webster
in the United States Senate, conceived the
idea of wearing a blue coat and vest, and
a vest as near to buff color as he could find
and still have it pass for the legal color. At
that time, as I suppose is the case now, the
tutors, proctors, and other teachers lived in
the college buildings and constituted what was
called the Patriotic Board, or committee—that
is, a sub-committee of the faculty, whose duty
it was to notice all minor delinquencies in the
students, and to report the delinquents before
them at their weekly meetings.

Sumner's vest did not long escape the keen
eyes of one or more of this police. When he
came into the chapel at morning prayers, he
was spotted for his dress, and the tutors and
proctors watched as he prayed. He was sum
moned before the Patriotic Board to meet the
charge of disobeying the rule by wearing apparel
not of the regulation color, and to be before
the board in his own defense. He came, and
was not white, and certainly was not "Oxford mixed."
That was the charge. Sumner very coolly
denied the correctness of the charge, urging that
he had no intention of infringing any rules, and
must beg their pardon for assuming that they
were mistaken in the color of his waistcoat.

Two or three weeks elapsed, and he was
called before the committee again on the same
charge. This time he protested with the elo
quence which gave promise of what he has since
been that his vest was white, that he was right,
and the committee wavered. He was told that
the board would be obliged to report him to the
faculty if he persisted longer in his course;
and he went his way. Still the same colored
waistcoat appeared on his person the next day,
and for several weeks afterwards, when he was
again summoned to appear before the commit
tee. This time they threatened to report him
to the faculty, and recommended that he should
receive a private if not a public admonition.
He was undisturbed, and pleaded his cause
with as much earnestness as he has many causes
in Congress since. He held the board, fully ex
pecting to be called before the next faculty
meeting to receive a "private" if not a "pub
lic" (as the college phrase was); and what was
his surprise when, a day or two afterward, he
learned that the board had passed a vote of the
following purport (the words may not be the
same): Voted, That hereafter Mr. Sumner's
vest be considered by this board white.

A Patriotic Jury.

Mr. Charles M. Lee was a well-known New York
lawyer of Rochester, New York. One day
he was summoned to a case with a preparation that
would have astonished even John Quincy Adams
in his vehement and melting moods. Lee was
defending an old revolutionary soldier for
passing a forged promissory note for thirty
dollars. Lee was loudly the faintest doubt
of his guilt; but Lee could not get before
the jury the fact that the prisoner, then a dan
derful boy of nineteen, was one of the stern
party that followed Mr. Anthony Wayne in
his desperate night assault upon Stony Point,
and helped to carry the wounded General into
the fort during that terrible fray. In sum

ming up, Lee, after getting over the ugly points
of the evidence as he best could, then under
stood the jury by the evidence on the ground
of his revolutionary services. He de
scribed in graphic language the bloody attack
on Stony Point, the impetuous valor of Wayne,
the daring exploit of his client, and wound up
with this stunning interrogatory: "Gentlemen
of the jury, will you send to the State prison,
for passing a contemptible thirty-dollar note,
an old hero of three score and ten, who, in
his youth, cheered the heart of his country in the
darkest hour of the Revolution, by storming
Stony Point?"

This was a poser. The chins of some of the
jury quivered, but the foreman, a bluff farmer,
put on an air which seemed to say that storm
ing Stony Point was good thing enough in the
line of the jury, but what had it to do with pass
ing this forged note? After being out a couple of
hours, the jury returned to the courtroom, when
the clerk went through the usual for
mularies.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed
upon a verdict?"

"We have."

"Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty,
or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, because he stormed Stony Point,"
thundered the stalwart foreman, who it
was afterwards learned, was the last to come
to an agreement.

The audience applauded, the clerk rapped to
order, the District Attorney objected to the
recording of the verdict, and the Judge sent
the jury out again, telling them to find an un
conditional verdict of guilty or not guilty. After
an absence of a few minutes, they returned,
when the foreman rendered a simple verdict of
not guilty, adding, however, that he was sorry
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

Sir Thomas Phillips, the English
Bibliomane.

The English collector of to-day who is the
successor of Heber, is Sir Thomas Phillips,
whose seat is Middle Hill, near Weymouth, En
gland. Forty years ago he was a distinguished
collector, and ever since, in any sale of im
portance, particularly of manuscripts, he is the
most redoubtable contestant, and generally the
winner. In 1834 he bought the majority of the
Greek and Latin manuscripts contained in the
splendid library of Meerman de la Haye, and
in 1834 Martin estimated the manuscripts he
had collected at four thousand.

Since then his collection must have increased
to twice or fourfold this number. His house
is literally filled with them, stacked up in piles.
They lie in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

He lived in the front hall, piled up so high
against the front door that it cannot be opened,
his seat. "It was a good thing, though, Judge,"
for the old revolutionary cry, that he stormed
Stony Point."—Bench and Bar of New York.

FORTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

THE SENATE.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

Term exp.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

WASHINGTON, February 4, 1871.

Public notice is hereby given, that the
will be opened on the sixth day of March next,
in this country and in Europe, for subscriptions
to the National Loan, under the act approved July
14, 1870, to authorize the Secretary of the Treas
ury to issue bonds for the purpose of raising the
funding of the National Debt, and an act in
amendment thereof, approved January 20, 1871.

The places at which subscriptions may be
made, and the names of the authorized agents
of the Government, will be announced here
after. The proposed loan comprises three classes
of Bonds, namely:

First. Bonds to the amount of five hundred
millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the
pleasure of the United States, after ten years
from the date of their issue, and bearing in
interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of
five per cent. per annum.

Second. Bonds to the amount of three hundred
millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the
pleasure of the United States, after ten years
from the date of their issue, and bearing in
interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of
four and a half per cent. per annum.

Third. Bonds to the amount of seven hundred
millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the
pleasure of the United States, after thirty years
from the date of their issue, and bearing in
interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of
four per cent. per annum.

Subscribers to the Loan will have preference
in the following order, namely:

First. Subscribers for equal amounts of
bonds bearing interest at the rate of four and
a half per cent. and of bonds bearing interest
at the rate of five per cent.

Second. Subscribers for equal amounts of
bonds bearing interest at the rate of four and
a half per cent. and of bonds bearing interest
at the rate of five per cent.

Third. Subscribers for five per cent. bonds.
When a subscription is made the subscriber
will be required to pay ten per cent. of the
amount thereof, to be accounted for by the Gov
ernment when the bonds are delivered; and
payment may be made either in coin or in bonds
of the United States known as five-twenty
bonds, at their par value. The coin received
in payment will be applied to the redemption
of five-twenty bonds.

The bonds will be registered or issued with
coupons, as may be desired by subscribers.
Registered bonds will be issued of the denomi
nations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000, \$5,000,
and \$10,000, and coupon bonds of the denomi
nation except the last two. The interest will
be payable in the United States, at the office of
the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or
deputy, and at the offices of the Treasury in
other cities.

</